THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, November 10, 1800.

Dr. Brooke's Statement of the Roman Laws reſpecting the Neceſſaries of Life.

FEEDING the hungry, and viſiting the ſick, are leading principles in a publication in Rome, by N. Brooke, M. D. now of Exeter.

The author, in moſt animating terms, mentions the very excellent medical treatment of the ſick, by the humane faculty. He is warm in eulogium on the Roman laws, reſpecting the neceſſaries of life, and highly commends the magiſterial obſervance by which the markets are more plentifully ſupplied, and much cheaper, than in any other ſtate in Italy; extracts from the treatiſe, viz.

" Having received diplomas in this, and in the univerſity at Venice; and having been inveſted with full powers to examine the treatment of the ſick in the Roman hoſpitals, I ſhall lay before the profeſſors ſome medical diſcoveries, made in my recent voyage to Tunis, Morocco, &c. in company with the eminent botaniſt, Dr. Roſalmini, who was ſent from Vienna for the purpoſe of collecting medical ſeeds and plants, ſuch as are efficaciouſly uſed by the natives of Barbary."

" Social order is moſt ſtrictly maintained by the Mahometans on that vaſt coaſt, and in a firm belief that the neceſſaries of life were by God ordained for general comfort, it is rigidly commanded, viz.

" All growers, preparers, dealers in every article of food, are ſtiled ſervants to the public, and are annually licenſed:

Their granaries, mills, ſhops, houſes, &c. are (at any hour) ſubject to examination by officers of police, to whom (monthly) is given an exact account of every ſtock; by which they are governed, in ordering the poſſeſſors to ſend their quota to market, at fixed prices; bread, or any other article is ſtrictly forbidden to be adulterated, or to offer for ſale any kind of unwholeſome proviſion."

"Offenders to theſe laws are publicly puniſhed, forfeit the licences, or their effects are confiſcated for public uſe; by ſuch laws the induſtrious poor labourer enjoys with his family the comforts of life, and he can lay up part of his wages for wants in old age, &c. &c."

REMARKS BY A NATIVE OF DEVON.

In the laſt ſevere winter many worthy labouring poor fell victims to hunger and improper food; ſimilar calamities are again feared by adulterated bread, and the increaſing price of every comfort of life, beyond the purchaſe by honeſt wages; this is occaſioned by reports of a ſcanty corn and hay harveſt. Theſe alarms require reſtrictive laws for fixing the prices to the neceſſaries of life; alſo for examining the ſtock of dealers in each article.

If the deficiency is true, Repreſentatives ſhould be deſired to uſe endeavours in Parliament, for an immediate importation (by merchants or by government) into all the ports in England, &c. ſuch meaſures will relieve the preſent diſtreſſed feelings of the poor.

Picture of Tom Spindle, a Devonſhire Guide.

By the Rev. Mr. WARNER.

THE figure of this man, a taylor by profeſſion, was ſo ſingular and diminutive, that I could not help ſuggeſting to the friend who recommended him a doubt of his ability to ſuſtain the fatigue of a ten or twelve mile walk. Indeed, he ſeemed to be modelled exactly after Falſtaff's incomparable portrait of Juſtice Shallow: "I do remember him at Clement's-Inn, like a man made after ſupper of a cheeſe-paring. When he was naked, he was for all the world like a fork'd radiſh, with a head fantaſtically carved upon it with a knife: he was ſo forlorn, that his dimenſions to any thick ſight were inviſible: he was the very genius of famine, and the w****s called him mandrake."

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The anſwer, however, of my late companion was, " Never fear Tom Spindle; he'll tire you before the day is over." Nor had we gotten on many hundred yards before I perceived, that without a check this would really be the caſe. Having nothing to carry but bones and muſcle, Tom ſkipped on with the alertneſs of a flea; and whilſt ſcaling the hedges, bounding over the ſtiles, and ſcouring along the road, ever and anon turned his head, and with moſt humiliating *ſang froid*, deſired to know if he walked too faſt for me? I honeſtly confeſs, I never felt more humbled than on being thus beaten at my own weapons, by this ſhadow of a ſhade, this near approximation to non-entity.

An AFFECTING NARRATIVE.

I Was one day taking leave of a friend at his father's door, when a poor woman, with an infant at her breaſt, and another by her ſide, accoſted and begged of him a piece of bread. " Poor boy!" ſighed he, viewing the eldeſt of her children; " art thou hungry?" At the ſame time he preſented the mother with a ſhilling; then turning to me, and graſping my hand, exclaimed, " O my friend! how much are we obliged to the poor, who thus indulge us *in the luxury of doing good!*"—" Thy education, Charles, has been excellent," ſaid I, and parted.

On my way I muſed upon the ſentiment which the emphatic philanthropy of my friend had given ſuch grace to. " How culpable," thought I, " are thoſe who bleſſed with the power of doing good, are ſtill neglectful of it; and who never benefit a fellow-creature any further than as it aids their own enjoyments: by a reverſe of conduct how many an aching heart might be ſoothed, and how many a wretched fate prevented; for though our country abounds with public charities, yet the moſt worthy objects of it eſcape their benevolence; and thouſands are left for the ſcope of individual reſearch."

I was rouſed from theſe reflections by a circumſtance extremely applicable. A young man running ſwiftly by me, exclaimed " O God!" and fell to the ground, while a loaf he held under his right arm, dropped from thence, and rolled in the dirt; and at the ſame time the cry of " Stop thief!" reſounded from an hundred tongues behind me, and, in an inſtant, the youth was ſeized and charged with the crime. " O gentlemen," cried he, " I was impelled by hunger!"

—" I'll not believe you, ſcoundrel!" cried a baker, who held him by the collar. " Or if true, what is it to me? Muſt I ſuffer becauſe you are hungry? Which of you, gentlemen, ſaw him take the loaf?"—" I did," anſwered three or four of the mob. " Take him to the pump," cried ſeveral others. " O mercy!" exclaimed the unfortunate youth, and caſt his eyes around in ſearch of pity, while the inexorable crowd proceeded to drag him to the puniſhment they had decreed. " Hold!" cried an elderly gentleman who at that moment advanced; " let no one preſume to injure the young man; the laws are open both to you and him, and juſtice can alone be had from them; therefore, either accept of his repentance or take him before a magiſtrate."—" Sir," anſwered the baker, " I reſpect the laws too well to let an offender go unpuniſhed; ſo I ſhall take the laſt part of your advice."—" And I ſhall attend you," ſaid the other; upon which they proceeded onwards.

As I was at leiſure, I joined the benevolent gentleman for the purpoſe of ſeeing the event terminate, and diſcourſed with him till we arrived at the office of juſtice. No more were admitted than the culprit, the baker, with his three witneſſes, the gentleman, and myſelf; and being all uſhered into a back room, the magiſtrate ſoon made his appearance.

I now attentively ſurveyed the young man, on whoſe account I felt the greateſt concern; for want and deſpair marked his countenance, while reſignation appeared in his behaviour. He was no ſooner queſtioned than he confeſſed his guilt. " And what cauſe do you aſſign for it?" demanded the Juſtice. " Hunger," replied he, with a wildneſs that confirmed belief. " And where do you reſide?" The young man made no anſwer. " Tell me," ſaid the Juſtice, " where do you live?" Still the young man was ſilent. " Do not be obſtinate," reſumed the former, " but inform me how you get your bread." The young man caſt a look upon the baker, but ſtill he anſwered not. Upon which the benevolent gentleman adreſſed him, and ſo ſtrongly adviſed his obedience, that bowing in compliance, he began as follows:

" If, gentlemen, I merely inform you my preſent mode of obtaining a livelihood, I ſhall but excite your indignation; but if I explain to you the cauſes which compel me to it, I may hope to raiſe your compaſſion. Shall I then requeſt you will indulge me with a hearing, that I may relate my ſtory to you?" The magiſtrate nodding aſſent, the young man proceeded.

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" My misfortunes commenced with my birth; for I entered the world amidſt guilt, and baneful example; and the firſt want I knew, was the protection of a father. The exiſtence of my mother depended on the merits of her own perſon, and the ſucceſs ſhe brought the houſe where ſhe reſided, which was a public bagnio. Notwithſtanding her own familiarity with vice, ſhe uſed every precaution to keep me ignorant of it, and anxiouſly ſtrove to plant in my infant mind the ſeeds of morality; to effect which, ſhe taught me to read, and furniſhed me with books that contained the moſt virtuous leſſons. My childiſh curioſity was often rouſed on hearing her and her companions ſpeak of their fathers; on which I would aſk, whether I had not one? but the only anſwer I could obtain was, " No, poor child;" and her tears uſually accompanied the confeſſion.

" Thus paſſed my time, till I had attained my thirteenth year, at which period I loſt my mother, who having caught a fever from a friend, whom ſhe nurſed, at the end of three weeks fell a ſacrifice to it herſelf. A few minutes before her death, ſhe called me to her bedſide, and explained the ſecret of my birth; after which, her ſorrow at leaving me deſtitute ſo ſtrongly affected her, that, claſping me in her arms, ſhe inſtantly expired; leaving me the forlorneſt wretch that was ever caſt upon the world.

" My treatment in the houſe was immediately changed; for I was reduced to all its drudgery, and forced by the miſtreſs to every ſervile office. All this I could have borne, for knowing no hope, I was a ſtranger to pride; but the unprovoked barbarity I experienced, rendered my ſituation inſupportable; and finding myſelf noticed by a number of young men, who lived by every depredation, I flew to them, and became a partner in their crimes. But ſoon I found that no compact could be formed in vice; and the daily quarrels amongſt themſelves made their ſociety hateful to me.

" The love of reading I had imbibed under my mother's example, ſtill continued, and all my leiſure hours were devoted to that pleaſing amuſement. This ſerved to increaſe the diſguſt for my companions, whoſe conduct, and whoſe ſentiments were ſo contraſted to what I there admired; and I watched every opportunity, and planned an hundred ſchemes, to extricate myſelf from them. Often have I reſolved to throw myſelf on the protection of ſome virtuous character, but the fear of incurring ſuſpicion of my truth, always withheld me.

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" I at laſt found means of being introduced to a gentleman, who engaged me as his footman. I cannot expreſs the joy I felt upon that occaſion, ſince no diſgrace was attached to my employment, but what the illiberal always affix to humility. My conduct there was ſuch as gained the approbation of my maſter, and the eſteem of all around me; till he became acquainted with a reformed rake, who had formerly known me, and now (for what reaſon I cannot account) ſo acted upon my maſter, that he diſmiſſed me without aſſigning any reaſon for it: ſo intereſted had this gentleman made himſelf in my concerns, that he found means to blacken me in the opinion of all, and every acquaintance I had gained refuſed to acknowledge me, ſo that being again caſt upon the world, I found myſelf more deſtitute than ever; for my former aſſociates now refuſed to admit me amongſt them, in revenge for the neglect I had ſhewn to their intereſts during my ſervitude. All mankind ſeemed now to war with me; and to ſubſiſt, I was compelled to war on them. But a ſhort time had elapſed when I was ſeized with a complaint, that had nearly brought me to the grave. In the height of my malady, I reſolved, ſhould I recover, to abandon my means of living, and enter the army; this I was going to put in force the moment I was able to walk; but there my hopes were fruſtrated, for the officers refuſed to enliſt me, on account of my debility. I then reſigned myſelf to deſpair, and lay pining in my wretched lodging for two days and nights, deſiring nothing ſo much as death: but nature became at laſt too powerful, and this day, hunger led me forth once more: I had no friend to fly to, and nothing to depend on but my own exertion: I feared to beg, leſt I ſhould be cenſured as an idler; and paſſing this man's ſhop, a loaf in his window ſo ſtrongly attracted my wants, that, unmindful of the conſequences, I ſnatched it, and was making off, when I was purſued, ſecured, and brought here. I am now totally indifferent what becomes of me, and wiſh that my offence may, at once, terminate my ſufferings and my life."

" I do verily believe it all," cried the magiſtrate; " thy appearance betrays thy want, and the feeling thou haſt diſcovered, proves the truth of thy aſſertion: thou ſhalt have ſome refreſhment, after which, I will requeſt thee to relate thoſe particulars thou learnt from the laſt moments of thy mother."

He then gave orders to a perſon near him, who immediately went out, and ſoon returned, with a bottle of wine

and a plate of cold meat, which was preſented to the young man, who being indulged with a chair, partook of it in our preſence. While he was thus employed, the magiſtrate addreſſed himſelf to the baker, and demanded his opinion. "If all I have heard be true," ſaid he, "I pity the young man from my ſoul; but I have ſuffered ſo often by that practice, that I was determined to make an example of one; however, I forgive *him* with all my heart," "So may Heaven forgive thee," returned the other.

The youth, having finiſhed his meal, according to requeſt, thus reſumed his ſtory.

"My mother told me, ſhe was the only child of a farmer, in the county of Nottingham, and till the age of eighteen lived in peace and innocence; at which time a young man came to reſide in the village for the benefit of his health. He ſaw my mother, and became enamoured of her perſon, and ſoon found means of introducing himſelf to her parents, who received him with the moſt open hoſpitality; which he repaid by ſeducing their daughter. He remained till ſhe became pregnant, when finding her ſolicitude increaſe for the fulfilment of his vows and repeated oaths of marriage, he left her, and returned to London.

"Still ſhe truſted to his honour, and indulged in hope; till her living burthen becoming too conſpicuous for concealment, ſhe gave way to ſhame and deſpair, and dreading the diſcovery of her parents, flew from their habitation, and came to London, with the ſimple expectation of finding her betrayer. But it was in vain: for having ſpent ſeveral days in fruitleſs enquiries, and expended all her money, ſhe fell a ſacrifice to the ſnares of that woman in whoſe houſe I was born; who having ſeen her alight from the ſtage, offered friendſhip and protection to her unſuſpecting nature, and by the uſual proceſs, ſoon reduced her to a level with the reſt of her dependants. She once wrote to her parents, but receiving no anſwer, concluded they were dead."

"What was thy mother's name?" cried the baker.—"Sarah Miller," replied the youth." "Good God! thou art my ſon!" exclaimed he, and fell upon his neck. A few moments paſſed in ſilence and admiration at the ways of Providence, when the baker turned to the magiſtrate, and in tears confeſſed himſelf the father of the youth, and author of his ſufferings. "But I will now atone for it," cried he; "for my future life ſhall be devoted to his good."

"Much as I approve thy preſent conduct," ſaid the other, "I cannot let thee part without a cenſure on thy paſt.

paſt. Hear what misfortunes owe their birth to thee: thou haſt brought the keeneſt afflictions on a virtuous family, which, no doubt, ere this, have ſunk them to the grave: their innocent child thou haſt driven to infamy and a premature death (for all has flowed from thee): and, laſtly, that youth, whom nature taught thee to protect, thou haſt abandoned, and left to ſtruggle with want, ſhame, and diſhonour; and now, when by hunger he is driven to a deſperate act, thou art the firſt to ſeize, and bring him to his fate. O man of juſtice! go home and repent, learn mercy from above, and virtue of thy ſon."

The baker was ſo awed at this rebuke, that holding his handkerchief to his face, and taking his ſon by the arm, he retired in ſilence, while the youth, as he paſſed, in vain eſſayed to thank us: the witneſſes immediately followed, and the benevolent gentleman, with myſelf, making our obedience to the noble magiſtrate, withdrew likewiſe, and ſhaking each other cordially by the hand, parted at the door.

Numbers at this moment exiſt, whoſe ſituations are ſimilar to that of the young man, and many more lamentable; for they have neither the ſenſibility of a mother to check their vices, nor a father to repay their ſufferings: and daily may be ſeen, in the arms of unfortunate females, infants, doomed to miſery and ruin. It matters not, that they are born with ſouls, and formed for opening reaſon; the force of precept and example acts againſt their nature, and the firſt leſſon they are taught is excellence in ſin: nurtured in every evil, they look on virtue as their enemy, and finding themſelves objects of its reproach, conceive a hatred for it. If they look round, they find the world combined againſt them; and driven from its peace, and impelled by neceſſity, they prey upon its members: vice leads on to vice, and want to deſperation, till in the end, one action, more atrocious than the reſt, ſtops their career, and brings them to their fate.

H. L.

Remarks reſpectfully ſubmitted to the Members of both Houſes of Parliament, and the chief Land-Owners of England.

OBSERVATION has convinced me, that there are periods in the progreſs of human affairs, when the voice of an anxious individual, ſeaſonably founded even

from obſcurity, may have its uſe. The preſent appears to me to be ſuch a period. Deeply feeling as I do for the internal ſituation of our country, with reſpect to its neceſſary conſumption, its wants, reſources, and proſpects, I am induced to pen and diſtribute a few plain remarks: and to whom can the language of ſolicitude be ſo properly addreſſed, as to thoſe who have, privately and publicly, the wideſt ſpheres of action?

As men of rank and authority in the nation, you cannot but have generally, and many of you very particularly, felt for the calamity of a vaſt multitude of fellow-ſubjects, through the ſubordinate claſſes, in a time of ſevere and almoſt unexampled difficulty.—You are exalted above perſonal ſuffering; but you cannot have found yourſelves exempted from the feelings of ſympathy in the ſufferings of others; and you have earneſtly wiſhed to be the inſtruments of any poſſible alleviation. The great queſtion which has frequently revolved in your minds, muſt have been, How your activity can be beſt employed to remove or leſſen the difficulties you deplore?

In order to underſtand the ſolution of this compound queſtion, it is become neceſſary for every genuine benevolent patriot to conſider the cauſes which have concurred to produce our preſent internal ſituation; and on what counteracting principles, wiſdom and public virtue ſhould proceed, in their preſent and future operations?—We ſeem as a nation to have reached an æra of population and neceſſity, which requires the moſt careful ſtudy of new economy, and new arrangement:—Theſe neglected but a little longer the national tranquillity may be irretrievably loſt! Without entering now into queſtions of the wiſdom and expediency of that warfare, in which this nation has been long engaged, it is a fact not to be diſproved, that ſuch a ſeries of exertion (politically right or wrong in the origin) have been attended with their natural conſequences at home! Few men, indeed, could eſtimate in the outſet, unprepared as they were by former examples, the extent and variety of expenditure that was to follow. But it is a fact confirmed by the experiment, that ſuch an expenditure of the national produce (which is the article now under conſideration) has been incurred, as to enable us largely to account for the progreſſive difficulties which the bulk of the nation has experienced.

It is obvious to reaſon, that ſuch numerous fleets and land armaments as we have ſeen, could not be liberally victualled, under the neceſſary modes of contract, ſtorage, and tranſportation,

tation, attended with conſtant waſte, without the moſt ſerious impediment to the common ſupply. The drainage has been ſo accelerated and immenſe, in addition to the partial failure of our own crops, as nothing but an importation, great almoſt beyond example, has been able ſo far to counteract, as to preſerve exiſtence to a large proportion of the people of England! Such have been the paſt occurrences; and if we extend our views to impending futurity, we ſhall perhaps ſee little in the complexion of the affairs of Europe, on which to ground hopes of poſſible plenty (on our preſent ſcale of agriculture) to ariſe from long periods of peace, and diſcharges from heavy ſyſtems of defence!—And if we are to reckon upon a continuance of that ſcale of foreign commerce, which of late years we have been ſo much accuſtomed to boaſt of, and the victualling of innumerable merchant veſſels from this iſland to almoſt all the trading parts of the world, the ſupply to be provided for muſt exceed all former calculation.

Thus, while this country may grow rich in merchants' ſtores, rich in articles of foreign luxury, and rich in money, to be divided among an inferior number of individuals, to whom the coſt of a ſplendid table is no object, the bulk of the people may become miſerably poor and diſtreſſed, as to the neceſſary comforts of common life!

Theſe conſiderations naturally lead to the ardent ſtudy of that domeſtic policy, which the united voice of wiſdom, patriotiſm, and humanity, ſeem to call for. It is indeed an awful truth, that if it be conſiſtent with the pleaſure of Divine Providence at any time to afflict a nation with the blaſt of its induſtry, on the moſt extenſive ſcale of land-cultivation, that induſtry will be proportionably unavailing! Such a calamity muſt call for the deepeſt humiliation, patience, and ſubmiſſion. But this reflection can furniſh no ſolid argument againſt the moſt attentive endeavours to employ thoſe natural means and reſources which that Providence has placed within our reach. On the contrary, doomed as the greater part of mankind is to procure the means of comfortable ſubſiſtence by the proper diſcipline of labour and aſſiduity, and no farther forth to expect the bleſſing of Heaven; it becomes the duty of the ſuperior claſſes of ſociety, ſo to deviſe, and ſo to act, as to put themſelves and their poorer brethren in a proper ſituation, to receive the full ſupplies of their "daily bread."

Our obligations of this ſort are manifeſt and clear; and in proportion to their neglect of the means within their power, muſt

muſt be the culpability of the human race. Large additional means of ſubſiſtence, and probably of plenty, are within the power of the people of England, on their native ſoil, their proper ſtation and home. And the firſt maxim of all ſound policy, in any country, muſt be, to produce, as far as poſſible, all the articles of neceſſary conſumption within its own precincts.

In theſe days it can require no argument to convince an enlightened Britiſh legiſlature, that agriculture, of all poſſible purſuits, is the firſt in dignity and importance. It is the broad foundation on which every ſuperſtructure of national ſtrength and ſecurity can be firmly built. This doctrine, while aſſented to in theory, has been, alas! unhappily neglected in the practice of Engliſhmen. A call has been ſounded from various quarters, and urged by the moſt preſſing motives, for the ſpeedy cultivation of our waſte and neglected lands.—The grand means of expediting a ſyſtem of provident exertion has been loudly agreed on, to be a General Bill of Incloſure, ſuperſeding the heavy expences of private applications to Parliament, and containing proviſions for an equitable commutation for tithes in kind, that vexatious impediment to a vigorous ſyſtem of cropping which has for centuries been a national evil.

It is, indeed, earneſtly to be wiſhed by every friend to his country, that the preſent mode of ſubſiſting the clergy, were totally changed. It is a remain of Judaiſm, once adapted to a land of almoſt ſpontaneous produce: and has nothing to do with Chriſtianity, but as its enemy.—The adverſe claims of tithe impropriators, alſo, call aloud for an equitable power of extinction.—Whoever ſhall attempt, as ſome have taken the liberty of doing, to maintain that tithes in kind furniſh no reaſonable objection to raiſing the moſt improved and expenſive wheat crops, inſults our underſtanding! He may as well affirm at once, that a man will exert himſelf in buſineſs with as much zeal, alacrity, and ſucceſs, for the joint intereſt of himſelf and a ſtranger, who neither finds money, labour, nor ſkill, as for himſelf alone! The narrow objections, which private intereſt or weak apprehenſion have urged againſt the meaſures recommended, have been frequently and ably anſwered; and their excellent effects as ably demonſtrated.

Few, among the diſtinguiſhed bodies and individuals whoſe attention I now ſolicit, can remain to be convinced of the extenſive benefits that would ſpeedily reſult from ſuch meaſures, if the ſmall, partial difficulties, inſeparable from

general improvements, were once nobly ſurmounted. It cannot be reaſonably doubted that great indeed muſt be the difference between the natural produce of undrained, uncleanſed, unmanured, and utterly uncultivated lands,—and thoſe which from the unfettered hand of induſtry, in a ſtate of new incloſure, may receive the full advantage of every improvement! And while many millions of acres remain in a ſtate of diſgraceful neglect in this iſland, millions of its inhabitants are conſtantly living under the painful apprehenſion, too juſtly founded, of domeſtic difficulty and diſtreſs. Such meaſures for the radical improvement of our country would afford an ample and ſeaſonable opening for the allotment of numerous ſmall farms, inſuring a vaſt variety of increaſe in the articles of ſubſiſtence, and thereby remove the popular and ſolid objections againſt the improper proportion of large farms:—and for ſuch new allotments, proviſions might be eaſily framed by the wiſdom of Parliament.

This would be a work of the preſent generation that muſt inſure the gratitude of ages, Such a work, dating its origin from a ſource of authority ſo high, and followed up by the perſonal aid of the chief land-owners in general, whoſe private intereſt in a country like this muſt be inſeparably connected with the progreſs of improvements, would not fail to raiſe the conſequence of this country, in the moſt permanent manner, on the ſcale of nations. Nor is it an idea to be juſtly entertained for a moment, that it is poſſible ſo to improve the whole of the improvable part of Britain, as to render its produce of corn, cattle, ſheep, ſwine, poultry, milk, roots, and raw materials, too cheap; the conſtant neceſſity which this country has experienced, for large importations of grain, and eſpecially of late years, muſt preclude the idea of ſuch a poſſible redundancy. The twofold inconvenience of ſuch importations (could we be always ſure of making them) is not only ſtriking but dangerous:—the large ſums of ready money to be ſent out of the nation; and the bringing in of a ſupply of corn in ſuch a ſtate of damage, as to excite general murmuring, and almoſt inſurrection, among the lower ranks of conſumers.

It is a fact, confirmed by recent experience, that though famine may ſometimes be prevented by a prodigious import of grain, the bulk, and various condition in which it muſt neceſſarily be brought from far diſtant markets, and afterwards ſtored at home, are attended with ſuch deſtruction of the natural qualities of the article, that the greateſt calumny

and

and peril await the parties who are to prepare the flour and form it into bread. Hence, as well as from the neceſſary high price, have largely ariſen the late agitations of the people. Nor has this alarming difficulty been experienced only from the poorer ranks, but from thoſe in more conſiderable ſtations, from whom better reaſoning and more patient conduct, under ſuch circumſtances, might have been expected. But this experience proves ſtill farther the important policy of a home ſupply.

The popular cry againſt foreſtallers, regraters, &c. will ever be heard, in proportion to the ſcantineſs of the national crops. In ſome inſtances, during times of inevitable ſcarcity, cauſes of juſt complaint may occur. But in general, ſuch exclamations are little better than deluſions of the public mind. In numerous inſtances, middle men, between the farmer and the conſumer, are as eſſential to the public convenience, as are the public carrier, and the ſhop of the retail tradeſman. Once annihilate them, and you diſtreſs the nation.—Remarks equally ſtrong may be fairly applied to the common complaints againſt farmers, for withholding their produce. Were the call of inconſiderate perſons, at this juncture, to be implicitly obeyed, and the markets to be filled in proportion, it would not require the gift of prophecy to foretell, that not only many landlords muſt be left unpaid, but before another harveſt (unleſs prevented by a moſt abundant importation) an abſolute famine to many thouſands of poor people, might be expected. Real ſcarcity muſt be prevented, and all poſſible attempts at artificial ſcarcity, be conquered, by new arrangement and greater ſupply. Let rational means be uſed for producing permanent plenty, and even ſchemes of monopoly may be ſet at defiance. In default of ſuch adequate proviſion, there cannot, without miracle, be any general ſecurity: But if they were fairly adopted, with a ſpirit and energy ſuitable to our preſent and our juſtly-apprehended future circumſtances, the cries of the poor might be gradually ſilenced, and the nobleſt feelings of the benevolent and the wealthy be abundantly gratified.

Much might be added on a larger plan of animadverſion, to enforce the neceſſity of parliamentary and individual exertion to the great ends in view, both on the fair foundation of a new allotment of lands, and on the economical methods of cultivating and feeding the ground: Much alſo as to an extended cultivation of turnips, cabbages, and that important article of the poor man's ſubſiſtence, the potatoe: myriads of which valuable root might eaſily be raiſed after inclofure,

cloſure, where only weeds and brambles are now permitted to grow! But the anxiety of the humble writer of theſe remarks will be here reſtrained, in an earneſt hope that theſe ſubjects will now be conſidered and canvaſſed with that ſerioufneſs and vigour of mind which their vaſt importance demands. And may the divine bleſſing be attendant on the united efforts of all good men, in whom power is veſted for the prevention of diſtreſs, and for the univerſal benefit!

WILLIAM MATTHEWS.

Bath, October 27, 1800.

SKETCH *of the late* J. S. B. CLOPTON, Esq.

IN September, 1800, ended his life in Clarges-ſtreet, Piccadilly, John Skrimpſhire Boothby Clopton, Eſq. About nine o'clock in the morning he rung the bell; on the entrance of the ſervant he was walking up and down the room, apparently in a diſordered ſtate of mind. Suddenly turning round, he ſaid, "Why do you look at me ſo earneſtly? What do you do here?" The man ſaid, he attended his commands. Mr. Boothby always drank cold tea for breakfaſt, which the ſervant neglected to make over night, and apologized. Mr. Boothby ſaid, "It is of no conſequence; I ſhall drink no more this year."

About two, he ordered his horſe to be got ready to ride in the Park; his valet put on one of his boots; he did not like them, and ſaid, "You may have thoſe boots, I ſhall not wear them any more." When in the Park, he was obſerved to gallop furiouſly, which he was never accuſtomed to do, but, on the contrary, always rode a canter! and in returning home kept up the ſame pace over the ſtones. At the corner of Clarges-ſtreet, in Curzon-ſtreet, he got off, delivered the horſe to the groom, and walked home; it was then half paſt five.

Entering the parlour, he deſired his valet to attend to the ſerving up of dinner at ſix: a few minutes after, he went into a back room, placed his right foot on the bed, and a horſe-piſtol in his mouth; the exploſion blew off the upper jaw and the back part of his head: the ball went through the chimney-glaſs, and lodged in the wainſcot. Inſtantaneous death enſued, and he fell with one foot on the bed, and the other under it. The ſervants in the kitchen heard a noiſe, which they conceived to be their maſter uncorking a bottle of ſpruce beer; and, had it not been for the breaking of the

glaſs, they would not have attended immediately to the alarm. It was proved before the coroner's jury that he had been for ſome months in a ſtate of melancholy derangement; they therefore returned a verdict of Lunacy.

He was a very reſpectable gentleman, and in habits of intimacy with the firſt noblemen in this country. The late Duke of Rutland, the Earls of Carliſle and Derby, and Mr. Fox, were among the number of his particular friends and acquaintances. He was a great frequenter of the ſubſcription houſes, and, from his eccentricity in dreſs, was ſtiled by his friends, Prince Boothby, on coming to his eſtate at Swaffham, in Norfolk.

Mr. Boothby was the perſon ſuppoſed to be alluded to by Foote in one of his farces, as diſtinguiſhed by his partiality to people of rank, and inclined to leave one acquaintance to walk with another of ſuperior dignity. Hence aroſe his denomination of *Prince* Boothby. He was a well-bred, intelligent, and amiable man, known and eſteemed by the firſt people in this country. His chief peculiarity in dreſs was in the form of his hat, which was uniformly of the ſame ſhape for the laſt twenty years, though he mixed with the moſt faſhionable circles, and was conſtantly ridiculed by his friends for this whimſical propenſity. He had been poſſeſſed of three large eſtates; the firſt his own inheritance; the ſecond from a diſtant family alliance; and the third Mrs. Clopton Pathericke's, whoſe name he latterly aſſumed. The value of the laſt property is ſaid to be nearly ſeven thouſand pounds a year.

ACCOUNT *of the* CAPE *of* GOOD HOPE.

A Pretty long reſidence at the Cape of Good Hope enables a gentleman juſt returned from thence, to give the following account of that place:

"There is perhaps no country more capable of the higheſt ſtate of improvement than the Cape of Good Hope, and certainly none which has heretofore been more neglected.

"Since the arrival of Sir George Yonge, it ſeems daily improving, owing to the encouragement given, and attention paid to agriculture and commerce, from which very ſanguine expectations may naturally be cheriſhed of its proving (in the courſe of a very ſhort time) one of the moſt valuable acquiſitions to the Britiſh empire.

"The

" The botanical garden is revived—experiments ſucceſsfully tried—and no meaſures neglected of promoting the proſperity of the colony.

" Among the firſt judicious and laudable ſteps taken by the Governor, was the appointments of Colonel Cockburn, and Captain Tucker, to be Deputy Barrack Maſters General, as, from an entire neglect for five years, the barracks and other publick buildings were rendered extremely dangerous, and unfit for the accommodation of the Britiſh troops. There ſeems no doubt, however, that (from the activity and zeal already evinced by the new-conſtructed Barrack Department) thoſe comforts of which our ſoldiers have been deſtitute, as well as ſafe and comfortable accommodations, will ſpeedily be afforded them.

" Sir George Yonge's choice merits general approbation, as none could be more active and zealous in the execution of their duties than Colonel Cockburn and Captain Tucker, whom he has appointed. It affords pleaſure to ſtate alſo, that Sir George ſeems (on every occaſion) to conſult the comfort and happineſs of both men and officers, and that he is conſequently very highly eſteemed by all ranks. The natives alſo ſeem to reſpect and admire the Governor and his ſuite.

" General Dundas's zealous activity moſt indiſputably prevented a war with the Caffres, and has reſtored tranquillity to the interior of Africa.

" The gaiety of the place, and the ſociety, are to be wonderfully improved by Mrs. Blake's balls, concerts, and other amuſements. The charmingly agreeable Lady Anne Barnard alſo contributes very largely to the ſame end; as does alſo the elegantly polite and facetiouſly agreeable Sir Roger Curtis, who was in charming health and the moſt delightful ſpirits.

" The idea generally entertained, that the Cape is a pleaſant quarter, is highly erroneous. It has no one recommendation beyond its climate, which, though not unwholeſome, is extremely diſagreeable.

" Many marriages continually take place between the Engliſh officers and Dutch ladies. In their youth, the women of the Cape are very pretty; but the heat of the climate renders them otherwiſe at the age of thirty. European beauty fades in a much ſhorter time in that climate.

" Good maſters of muſic might meet with great encouragement; and ſo might a band of comedians. A great variety of clubs were inſtituted for the amuſement of the officers of the garriſon, who bitterly complain of the want of a play-houſe."

AN ANECDOTE.

WHILE the learned Francis Morell was buſy in preparing his edition of Libanius for the preſs, he was told that his wife was ſuddenly taken ill. "I have but two or three periods," ſaid Morell, "to tranſlate, and then I'll come to her." Preſently after he was informed that ſhe was dying. "I have only two words to write; I'll be with her immediately." Preſently they brought him word ſhe was dead. With great calmneſs the pedant declared, "he was very ſorry indeed, for ſhe was really a mighty good ſort of a woman."

Anſwer, by J. B. Chivers, of St. Auſtell, to R. Thomas's Enigma, inſerted Auguſt 4.

THE pen oft paints the lover's vows,
Ere he to Hymen's altar goes,
And draws the ſorrowing tear;
But ſhould the lovely nymph incline
To uſe it with a ſmile divine,
'Twould diſſipate his fear.

*** We have received the like anſwer from Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers; J. Ball, jun. and N. Knott, of Taunton; G Andrews, and W. Sherwill, of Modbury; G. England, Uplyme; Philom. of Teingmouth; J. M. I. of Poole; J. R. Toulmin; E. Sherman, of Cornwood; T. Jarvis, of Malborough; T. Coumbe, of Stonehouſe; G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton; R. Maffett, of Saltaſh; and R. Baker, of Poole.

A CHARADE, *by C. B. W. near Taunton.*

MY firſt, ye gents. you'll quickly find,
One of the ſable-feather'd kind;
Each morn, when from my bed I riſe,
My ſecond's uſe I don't deſpiſe;
But always uſe it when I dreſs,
As needful quite to cleanlineſs.

One vowel add to theſe beſide;
Alſo the place where Kings reſide.

Find theſe aright, and place them true,
My reſidence 'twill bring to view.

A REBUS, *by R. Thomas, of Exeter.*

THE ſun diſpels the gloom of night,
And ſheds to man a ſacred light
To guide his wandering way;
But ſhould forbidden paths decoy,
And lead him from the road to joy,
In ſighs he'd ſpend each day.

Then to my firſt he ſtands with fear,
When no delivering hand is near,
His hope is now deſpair;
The tears o'erflow each pitying eye,
For oh! the victim's doom'd to die,
And leave his every care.

When Hymen joins the lovely pair,
My next is taken by the fair
To conſecrate the bands,
With joy the nuptial day is crown'd,
And plenteous wine ſpreads all aroud,
For bliſs unites their hands.

Come then, ingenious wits of fame,
And ſhew to all the veſſel's name,
From whence my third I draw;
Oft its contents removes all pain,
And to the ſufferer is great gain,
To make the ſpirits flow.

Now ſearch, ye bards, the liſt of fame,
And take therefrom a hero's name,
Whoſe valour's been diſplay'd;
My feeble muſe would willing raiſe,
To thee my whole a ſong of praiſe,
Who nature's debt has paid.

☞ *The Editor will be glad to ſee the poem mentioned by Reginald, of Plymouth.*

POETRY.

THE GAMESTER.

AH! what is he, whoſe haggard eye
Scarce dares to meet the morning ray?
Who, trembling, would, but cannot fly
From man, and from the buſy day!
Mark how his lip is ſever'd o'er,
Behold his cheek, how deathly it appears!
See how his blood-ſhot eye-balls pour
A burning torrent of unpitied tears!

Now watch the varying geſture wild,
See how his tortur'd boſom heaves!
Behold, misfortune's wayward child,
For whom no kindred nature grieves.
Deſpis'd, ſuſpected, ruin'd, loſt!
His fortune, health, and reputation flown;
On mis'ry's ſtormy ocean toſt,
Condemn'd to curſe his fate, and curſe alone!

Once were his proſpects bright and gay,
And independence bleſt his hours:
His was the ſmooth and ſunny way,
Where tip-toe pleaſure ſcatter'd flowers.
Love bound his brow with thornleſs ſweets,
And ſmiling friendſhip fill'd his cup of joy;
Now not a friend the victim meets,
For, like a wolf, he wanders to deſtroy.

All day, upon a couch of thorn,
His weary, fev'riſh limbs recline;
All night, diſtracted and forlorn,
He hovers round the hateful ſhrine!
Eager to ſeize, with graſping hands,
The ſlender pittance of the eaſy fool;
He links himſelf with caitiff bands,
And learn the leſſon of the gameſter's ſchool!

One hour, elate with ill-got gold,
And dazzled by the ſhining ore,
In plenitude of joys, behold
The prodigal diſplay his ſtore!
The next, in poverty and fear,
He hides him, trembling at approaching fate,
While greedy creditors appear,
And with remorſeleſs rage lurk round his gate.

Then comes the horror-breeding hour!
While recreant ſuicide attends;
And madneſs, with impetuous power,
The ſcene of deſolation ends!
Upon his grave no parent mourns;
No widow'd love laments with graceful woe;

No

No dawn of joy for him returns—
For Heaven denies that peace his frenzy left below!

LAURA MARIA.

TO MY SLEEPING INFANT.

THE ponderous clouds one vaſt maſs forming,
On the plains their waters pour;
Dreadful winds the heart appalling,
Thro' the leafy woodlands roar.

Hark! that awful peal of thunder!
Yet again how loud it breaks!
Vivid light'nings flame thro' æther,
And earth to its foundation ſhakes.

Yet amidſt this wild commotion,
While terror every ſenſe alarms,
Sweetly ſleeps my infant cherub,
Cradled in his mother's arms.

My deareſt! may thy future ſlumbers
Be ſweet, ſerene, and pure as ſnow!
Nor guilt, nor fierce remorſe purſue thee,
To raiſe a furrow on thy brow.

And when life's tempeſts howl around thee,
And care invades thy youthful breaſt,
Should love betray, or friendſhip wound thee,
May reaſon ſoothe thy woes to reſt!

Still may her ſilent diſtates teach thee
Truth and virtue's peerleſs ways!
Then ſmiling 'midſt the threaten'd danger,
Peace ſhall crown my William's days.

A. K.

Ilkeworth.

THE EXPOSTULATION.

WHAT mean thoſe ſighs? What can it be,
That cauſes thus my thoughts to rove?
Why do all things look dull to me?
Tell me my feelings, is it love?

'Tis true there's one whom I admire,
For ſhe poſſeſſes every charm;
But then 'tis friendſhip, not deſire,
With which I feel my boſom warm.

I think 'tis friendſhip which I feel,
Or that it is I fain would think;
And from myſelf my love conceal,
And ſeem apart from Cupid's link.

If it is love, let me forbear,
And timely ſhun the alluring bait;
Lovers may curſe the chains they wear,
And often may repine at fate.

J. B.